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the pianos by Chickering appear to us to realize the greatest progress in the construction of the pianoforte; their amplitude, their melodic faculty, their purity and depth of tone, their perfect equality, and their singing power, place them incontestably above all other pianos in the American section.

We will explain in a future article the means by which Messrs. Chickering produce these remarkable instruments. Suffice it to say for the present, that they are the creators, the true inventors, and if other manufacturers follow in their steps, their productions have only the *relative value* which exists between the *original and the copy*."

The following extract from an article signed Alfred Duplessis, from *Le Figaro*, April 28th. The writer, after making some general remarks upon the fact that all the celebrated artists from Europe who have given concerts in America have played only on the Chickering pianos, says:

"They (the artists) all speak eloquently of the superiority of these instruments, which are available alike for the fantasia, the caprice, and for interpreting every inspiration of genius.

Both artists and dilettante sustain our opinion and that of expert judges, in awarding to the Chickering pianos these high qualities—harmonious roundness and astonishing prolongation of tone, great power in the bass and limpidity in the treble, perfect equality and singing power in all registers, together with that perfection of mechanism which enables the performer to produce every degree of light and shade, sweetness or power, piano or forte, and still through all they retain that purity and sonority of vibration, making them the instruments without a rival for orchestral solos.

America does not work exclusively for herself, but for the world. The old world recognizes the superiority of the new instruments manufactured by Messrs. Chickering, and will proclaim abroad that they surpass those of the other celebrated makers of their country. The incontestable success of the present is a guarantee of the future triumphs of these eminent gentlemen, who have done so much honor to the cause of American industry.

The following extract is an endorsement sufficiently strong to speak for itself.

"The Paris correspondent of the Birmingham (Eng.) *Journal* in his letter of April 27, 1867, writes as follows: 'The extraordinary volume of sound, so far surpassing that of the best pianos of Erard or Broadwood, produced by the pianos exhibited in one of the rooms of the American section, is attracting a succession of dense and eager crowds about these instruments. The finest and most powerful of these wonderful pianos is exhibited by Messrs. Chickering, of New York, and has all the improvements devised by that intelligent and enterprising firm. Of larger size than the largest grand pianos of European make, with a cast-iron frame, bass-strings almost as thick as one's little finger, this piano, at a concert given a few weeks since at the Athenæ, in this city, held its own in a shape that took all the musical world by surprise, every one of its notes being distinctly audible above the crash of an orchestra of eighty-three instruments. The peculiarities of construction which have

enabled Messrs. Chickering to arrive at a result which promises to bring about a revolution in the manufacture of pianos, will be explained in a future letter.

'A crowd, as dense as that which surrounds the platform from which the Chickering pianos send forth their notes of defiance to all cotemporaries, is constantly gathered about the workshop, in the French Machinery Department.'"

GREAT NEWS.

INTENSE EXCITEMENT

The Ocean Telegraph at Work.

THE BUFFALO TELEGRAPH AT WORK.

ALL THE TELEGRAPHS AT WORK.

FLAGS UP!

CHAMPAGNE DOWN.

A Smiling Ring.

MUCH CONGRATULATIONS AND SHAKING OF HANDS, AND A FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS, WITH FIFE ACCOMPANIMENT.

We understand that a pianoforte firm in 14th Street—there are several firms in that street—were petri-fied, a few days since, by a telegraphic communication from Paris, announcing that their pianos had won the first medal at the Paris Exposition, over the whole world, and the universal Yankee nation. Their state of ecstatic rapture may be better imagined than described. The English language affords no terms adequate to express it. We need a compound German word, of at least forty syllables, to do it justice. Up went the Flag, however, and up went two other flags on a sympathizing German house opposite.

It was also rumored that another telegraphic communication flashed across the wires during the day, and that down went the flag, and the other flags. "Here we go up and up, and there we go down and down," such is life. Some go up and stay up, and some go down and stay down, while others go up like a rocket, and come down like a stick. The last sounds heard, however, on that festive occasion, were the dulcet notes of the Fife, piping in melancholly cadence, the melody of that celebrated operatic aria—"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched."

GROVESTEEEN & CO'S. PIANOFORTES.

It has been laid down as a sort of maxim, that everything which is cheap is bad. To a certain extent this represents truth; for instance, shoddy goods of all kinds are dear at any price. On the other hand, however, there are those who, content with a small, quick profit, can sell for cash, an article at two-thirds the price of others who give credit, and employ expensive outside machinery to dispose of their goods. Grovesteen & Co. sell for cash, they are content with a small profit above cost, and as in the business seasons their sales are from twenty-five to thirty pianos per week, it will be easily understood that selling that amount, even with small profits, a large fortune can soon be realized. We saw in their books, one order from a provincial firm, in October, 1866, for 500 pianos, to be furnished as fast as they could be turned out of the factory.

Mr. Grovesteen's experience as a piano-maker dates back for thirty-seven years, during which time his pianos received the highest prize at the World's Fair, and for five successive years the Gold Medal of the American Institute. Mr. Grovesteen is a thoroughly practical piano-maker, and the work turned out by the Firm is entirely reliable. We have examined the interior workmanship, and find the frame well and solidly built of first class materials, the action well made and finished, the hammers being bushed, &c., the mechanism of the touch excellent. The tone is melodious, clear, and brilliant, and of power sufficient to produce effective contrasts without confusion. The exterior of the instruments is elegant, and is finished in the very best style. In fact the really cheap pianos of Grovesteen & Co., are charming in their qualities, and are reliable in their construction. They are guaranteed for six years, but so thorough has been the satisfaction they have given, that the guarantee has never been demanded.

AMERICAN MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of this Society took place at the Germania Assembly Rooms, 291 Bowery, on Friday, May 17th. The following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: President, D. L. Downing; Vice Presidents, L. Ernst and S. Lasar; Trustees, F. X. Diller, C. W. Wernig, F. Wasshausen; Managers of Relief, M. Papst, J. Kochkeller, M. A. Loebenstein, J. H. Hoffman, J. J. Wernig, J. Pfeiffenschneider, C. Müller; Treasurer, H. Reyer; Registrar, Theo. Jacoby; Librarian, Thos. Goodwin; Secretary, D. Schaad; Honorary Physicians, Dr. A. Gescheidt, Dr. James M. Quin, Dr. Chas. Haase, of New York, and Dr. C. H. Miller, of Philadelphia; Honorary Counsellor, Jas. L. Berrien, Esq.

This Society now numbers 318 members. The permanent fund is \$28,000 and upwards, the interest of which, together with the dues and fees, is devoted to the relief of sick members, widows of deceased members and their children. During

the current year \$1,870 have been paid in weekly allowances—in sums of from \$5 to \$260—to the sick, of whom there have been 27. To the widows and orphans—now 32 in number—have been paid \$1,974.37.

As the fund now stands, the Society is able to grant the full allowance to the sick members, widows and orphans, but enough funds have not been raised to enable the Society to carry out its original and grand idea, of giving annuities to the worn-out musicians who become incapacitated by age and infirmities from following their profession. Something might and ought to be done by the public for this Society. Surely a life devoted to Art should not be left in its old age to the cold hand of charity. There should be Monnier Concerts, and the proceeds devoted to a comfortable home for the aged musician.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," sweet, also, is the feeling one experiences on witnessing a play which he has been waiting to see for some two or three months. Whether this last was the sensation which fired the hearts of the audience who witnessed "Treasure Trove" at the Olympic on Tuesday evening I know not, but, at all events, they must have been in a very happy state of mind, as that long looked for "story of buried gold" was received with vociferous applause, and the large audience went home at 11½ p. m., in a contented state of mind and a shower.

"Treasure Trove" is a conglomeration of "Monte Cristo," "Con Oregan," and the "Canongate Legends," deftly weaved together by the able hands of De Walden; it is not original, but, shades of Bourcault! it is very sensational! Dying convicts, dissecting tables, rescues from drowning, total ruin and general grief are its main features, and form a series of incidents which rivet the beholder by their absorbing interest.

Allen Pierce (Clark) is a surgeon, a respectable and energetic young man who is stationed at Blackwell's Island, where he is visited by his cousin, Larry Barnes, Esq. (Stuart Robson), a barkeeper and somewhat inclined to rapidity. We are introduced to these two worthies in the first scene, and are made to listen to various reminiscences of their youth, when the warden enters and informs Pierce that Hastings (Whalley), a convict, has been found dead in his room, requesting the surgeon to make a post mortem examination to ascertain the cause of death. Larry, who is of a rather nervous turn of mind, not liking the idea of witnessing a dissection, leaves the room as the body is brought in. Now Master Hastings is not dead at all—not by any means—and when he is left alone with Pierce he jumps from the dissecting table and endeavors to escape. In this laudable desire he is balked by the surgeon, however, who after a severe tussle orders the refractory convict to surrender himself to his keepers. Driven to extremities, Hastings offers Pierce one half of a large amount of gold and jewels which he (Hastings) has buried at Spuyten Duyvel Creek; this offer Pierce, like a virtuous young man, indignantly refuses, which greatly incenses Hastings, who, after much

wrangling, jumps through the window and endeavors to escape, he is seen by the guard, however, fired upon, wounded, and, returning to the surgeon's room, dies to slow music.

It is needless to say that Pierce repairs to Spuyten Duyvel Creek, and, having unearthed the treasure, becomes a rich man.

We next find him at Saratoga, where he is cutting a swell and playing corresponding havoc among the fair *habitués* of that healthful (?) summer resort. Master Pierce, however, has set his mind upon marrying Grace Suydam (Miss Kate Newton), but Miss Suydam cannot make up her mind to marry him, and it is not until he rescues her from a watery grave in the Falls of Canagaga that that delectable young lady is in any way affected by the tender passion.

This brings us to New York, where Pierce has been speculating largely in "Erie;" "Erie" has gone down and our hero is ruined. In this plight he repairs to the "Home of the Suydams," to bid farewell to Grace, but Grace utterly declines to be bid farewell to, and insists on marrying out of hand, claiming as a token of their engagement an opal brooch which Pierce always carries with him. This brooch, *en parenthese*, is part of the stolen treasure. The next thing is to obtain the consent of Suydam *père*, which proves to be no easy matter, that worthy gentleman setting down Pierce as somewhat of an adventurer. During his conversation with his daughter the opal brooch, glistening upon her breast, catches the eye of the stern parent, and snatching it from her he pronounces it to be a portion of a large amount of jewelry and money that was stolen from his late partner, who was murdered and robbed at Spuyten Duyvel Creek. Matters begin to look pretty black for Master Allen, but Grace believes in his innocence, and vows she will follow him to the end of the world. Being a stage heroine she could do nothing less. "Every black cloud has its bright silver lining," however, and Suydam *père*, touching a spring in the brooch, discovers a miniature of his late partner's sister, who turns out to be Pierce's mother—the treasure was his by rights after all. "Erie" takes a favorable turn, he is a rich man again, he and Grace are decorously married in Grace Church, and we have "The End in Peace."

There's incident and sensation enough compressed into four acts to satisfy the most exacting theatre-goer in all conscience!

The acting is good throughout, Mr. Clark playing the surgeon well, Mr. Whalley investing the convict with considerable dramatic power, while Mr. Robson as the enthusiastic bar-keeper is droll to the last degree. Of the ladies, Miss Kate Newton and Miss Harrison are deserving of particular mention, the first as the fashionable belle and the latter as a slatternly chambermaid are capital.

The scenery is good from beginning to end, and among so much excellence it is almost impossible to make distinction, "The Grounds of the Union Hotel, Saratoga," "The Falls of the Canagaga," and the "Interior of the New York Stock Exchange," however, appeared to excite the particular approbation of the audience—and audiences, after all, are the only judges for whom the managers care one fig.

Boothroyd Fairclough made his first bow at the French Theatre on Monday evening, in "Hamlet," being greeted by a large audience and considerable applause. The gentleman is of the amateur, amateurish, and can hardly hope to achieve any decided success. With the exception of Mr. Gotthold's Ghost, the performance was simply funny.

Hackett plays Falstaff for the last time, this season, at the Broadway to-night; it is a performance full of many points of rare excellence, and is unquestionably the best Falstaff upon the stage. Next week we are to have Lucille Western and a dose of the "emotional drama"—whatever that is.

The Worrell Sisters have been parodying Byron's clever burlesque of "Fra Diavolo," during the week to crowded houses, who appear to be perfectly delighted with the vagaries of Sophie, Irene and Jennie. This is a case where criticism is useless and congratulation unnecessary.

SHUGGE.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

III.

PARIS, March 6th.

The transition from the British Kingdom to the French Empire is so sudden that the mind is scarcely prepared for the entire change that meets both eye and ear. The dull, murky, English sky is replaced by a bright cerulean canopy, flecked with floating, gold-tinged clouds; the sun's rays have an intenser glow, and even the birds' songs a livelier melody. Everything has a gayer aspect as soon as you set foot upon the soil of France. The bright, glittering uniforms of the *gens d'armes*, the pretty white caps of the peasants, and the priests in their long, flowing robes, give to the streets a novel and altogether picturesque appearance. The strange accents of a foreign language fall with bewildering effect upon the ear, notwithstanding you may be familiar with all the complications of its grammar, and you listen with intense surprise to the dexterity with which even your coachman manages the language with its infinite inflections, not even hesitating at those troublesome little words *en* and *y*.

The night was not far spent when our little boat reached the "jetty" which runs out into the sea seven or eight hundred yards, and upon which stands a light-house and signal-mast. The old town of Boulogne was quite animated by the anticipated approach of the tidal boat. A large crowd had assembled upon the *Quai des Paquebots*, where lights flashed out upon the night gloom, and wild shouts and snatches of gay *chansons* reached us long before our boat rested in her moorings.

This old and prominent sea port has been wonderfully augmented in importance by the present Emperor's declaration in his "Vie de Cæsar," that after much research he has decided that Boulogne *sur-mer* is the long-disputed Portus Itius from whence Cæsar sailed for Britain in B. C. 55; but as eighteen cities have claimed identity with Portus Itius, the testimony examined is too voluminous to be reproduced here.

Not only has Boulogne a historic interest im-